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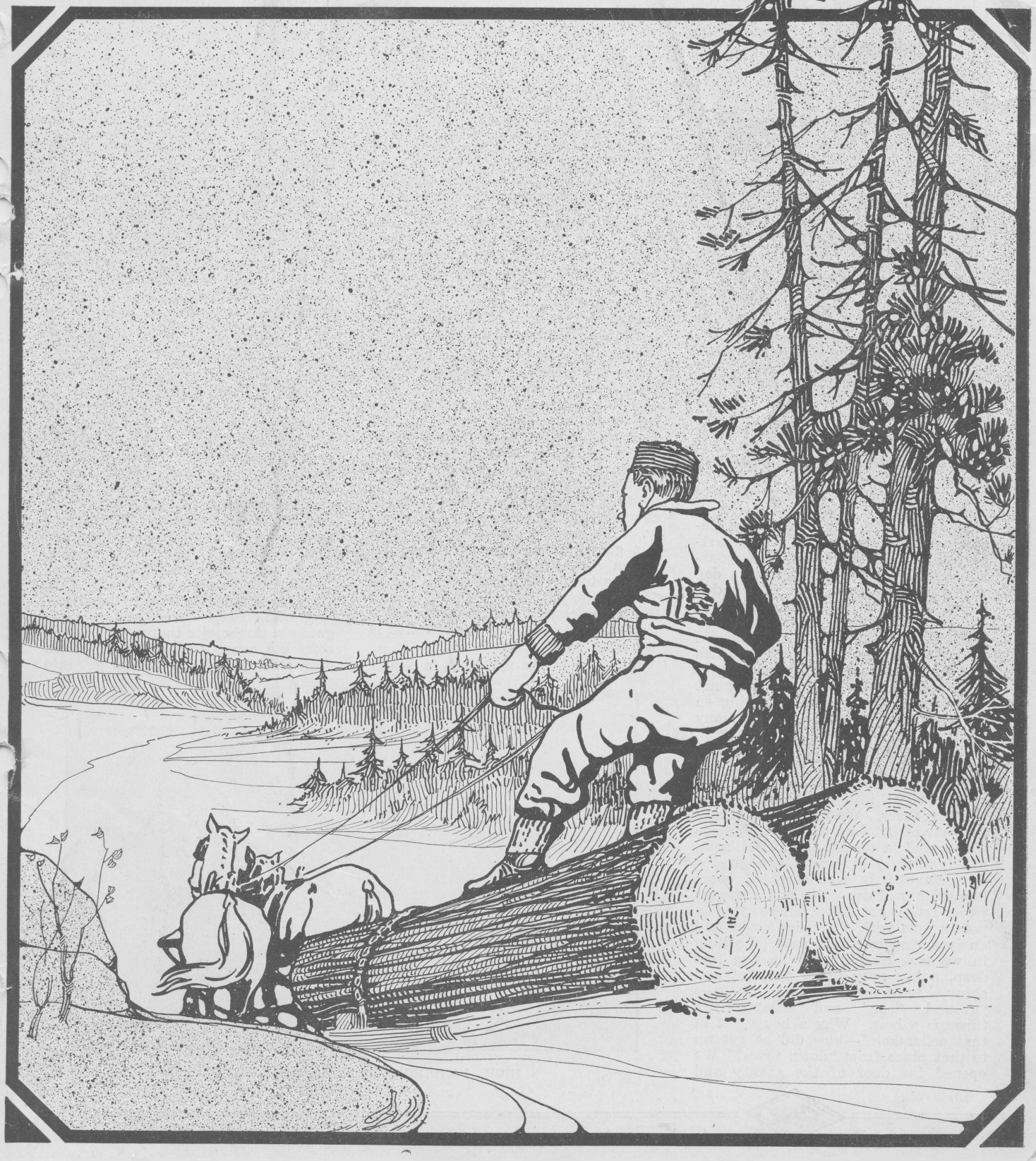


Some Pioneers of MOOSEHEAD CHESUNCOOK *and* MILLINOCKET

A Story of the Past

By F. S. Davenport

WE three—J. P. Moore, F. A. Appleton, and the writer, knew very well what we were about when we started on our excursion; able and distinguished pens—Winthrop, "Life in the Open Air" Thoreau, "The Maine Woods," had traced and illumined the route, so it was clearly outlined to our imagination, but we did not know that, 58 years afterward it would be printed in The Northern, and here we are.

This humble pen will be aided by authentic photographs of persons, hotels, camps, and other things, long since disappeared, a collection of more than fifty years, some lately found and others promised in season for the issue in which they belong, and these will tell their own story better than this pen can tell it.

I will whisper that all the events were as stated, yet were not all in the one excursion, but in two over the same route, and are interwoven because important as history, and for other reasons. This explains seeming errors as to dates. I will tell the story, and you may make dates as you please.

PART X.

Millinocket Lake

"GOOD old Ambejejis house"—yes, that's just what it is. But why were those words spoken before we entered it? Because—if you are coming down from Aybol you reach it in mid-afternoon. If you are going up from Fowler's carry, it is the same. "The latch string is always hanging out." No—that is poetic license, there is no latch string, there is a different contrivance—no one can lock you out—no one can lock you in. If you are on a camping trip, you land and examine the house, that settles it. You stay there. It invites and entices; as if some one had just departed and it was expecting just yourself and no other. If there is a dog with you, he will ask to stay. My dog did in 1877 as soon as he got inside; he saw consent in my eyes, laid himself down on the spruce bed and did not quit till next morning, then with regret. Dogs are full of "psychology." If you do not know it, you will not get along with dogs. No building on the West Branch has for me so many memories.

Not to know this old boom-house, is not to know the West Branch. It stands near the corner at the turn on the right into the thoroughfare, which it faces. We were approaching the rear of it. In a dozen yards more we arrived at the landing, ideal, sand and gravel, just water enough for convenience. It was clear of boom logs, plenty of dry chips and shavings were lying around. There was a potato hole with a wooden cover and an iron ring to lift it with. Looking in we saw a circular hole five feet deep, a big gray house rat, fat and shiny, scurrying around on the "ground floor" and disappearing through a hole. Why a house rat in that cellar-hole?—how did he get up to that place from "down town?" We opened the door of the shanty and looked in, it was a very welcome prospect. The door is of cedar splints hung on wooden hinges, is wider than the frame on all sides and shuts over it. The latch is a peculiar contrivance of wood, a spindle with a cross piece outside to turn it with, a lever on the inside end, locking on the door frame.

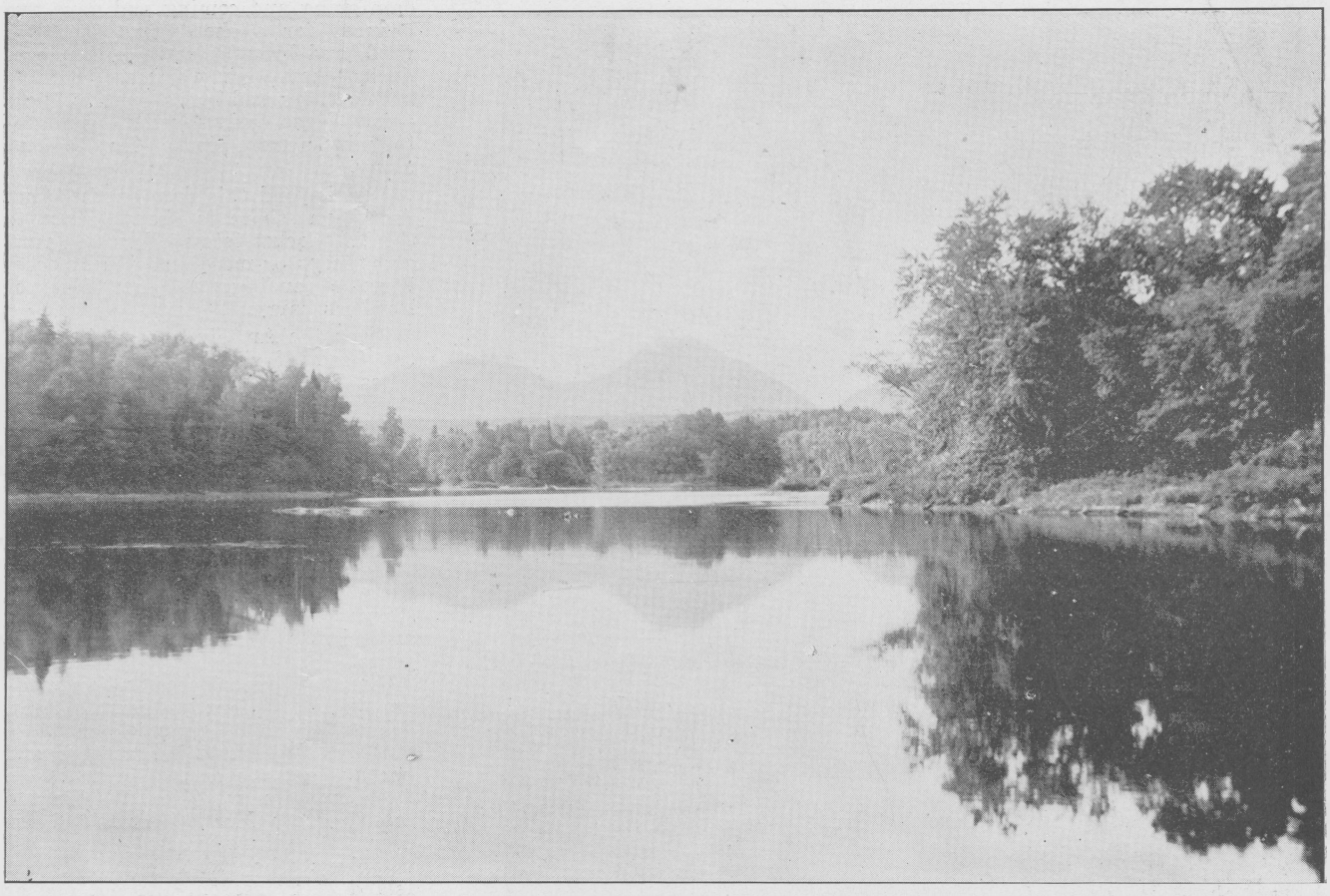
The photo of the exterior explains itself, the immense boom logs in the foreground make the shanty look more squat than it is in reality. The two men have been posed by the photographer to "have their pictures took." I have never learned their names, no one of whom I showed the photos could recognize them. The photo of the interior is dim, I will tell about things which do not show clearly. The homely object on the right is a giant "dough-trough" carved out by an axe, has four legs, and two handles to tote it with; half a barrel of dough might be mixed in it. Notice the large "church sociable coffee pots" which, however are teapots, coffee is not used by the river men.

Standing in the fire-place is a pair of double-headed andirons, on the right, under the eaves behind the long "deacon seat" is the spruce bed with room for twenty men. Under the window is a long dining table, with a seat in front of it.

The view from the front of this shanty is attractive; the thoroughfare is a mile or more wide and two miles long, almost a lake of itself; eastward is Millinocket cove, islands and big boulders are scattered along. If there were natural shores it might be lovely, but not so with the "white ghosts of trees."

It was a "Haven of Rest" all the same. A complete shelter, plenty of chips for the fire, best of water, nothing to do. All day, as we toted over the carries, the two other cubs had been planning that we would stay here two or three days, one for Millinocket, one for Pemadumcook, and I had listened and agreed. They were snoring long before I went to sleep, they were up and around before I was awake. Their weather-vane minds had shifted to another quarter (for reasons unknown to me). They were consulting, and repacking, wanted an early breakfast, quit at once, go on and keep going and leave the "Good old Ambejejis house." Very well, let them go. Millinocket was here several millions of years ago and will stay until I can come again. I would not oppose them. If the cannibals should get hold of Moore later and eat him I could not forgive myself for opposing him; my solicitude was wasted, the cannibals never had a ghost of a change at him. In a reminiscent letter of 1915, the first I had from him after our trip, he wrote: "After a year's trial, I learned that I was not cut out for a theolog. Have been in business since 1868." Those who knew all about Jack Mann's instructions, how to avoid getting into "Deep Cove," and to navigate the Ambejejis thoroughfare, and come out exactly at the North Twin thoroughfare. If we should get into

HIGH LANDING ON MILLINOCKET STREAM



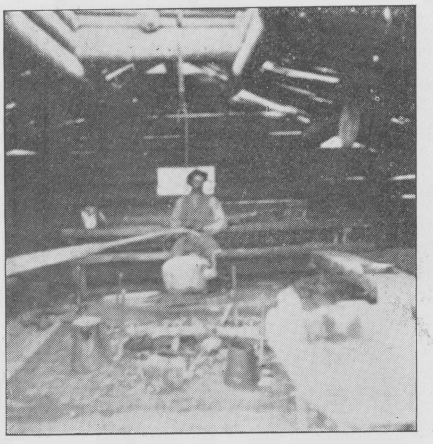
SOURDNAHUNK MOUNTAIN FROM AMBEJEJIS

Deep Cove by mistake, we would have to come out again; it would be a paddle of six or seven miles. We had seen all of the Lower Lakes from Mt. Ktaadn, but seeing them thirty miles away, and finding coves after getting to them are two propositions. That cove is not visible from the Ambejejis house.

They took their course through the islands and boulders but did not come out at the right point, made other trials with same result. In trying to avoid Deep Cove which they got no sight of at either trial they got into Pemadumcook Lake.

Finally their minds shifted to the original quarter; they concluded to return to the Ambejejis house, unload, take a lunch, go over to Millinocket Lake for the rest of the day. If they liked it, would return there the next day, or take a trip to Pemadumcook Lake.

We left the boom-house the second time before nine o'clock. Millinocket cove is in sight of the boom-house, in an easterly direction. Distant, two miles. It was boomed across. We could see the boom. Arriving, we chose a place where one end of a boom log was under water, and straddled the canoe over it. The cove is small, about a half mile in length, narrows to a mud hole between two ledges, is fringed with reeds and lily-pads. We disturbed two or three pickerel; there was just room enough for the canoe to be hauled out. We climbed the right hand ledge, hauled the canoe to the top of it, and started across. It was ledge all the way, no path, a line of white scars made by the spiked heels of the river drivers' boots. On both sides, where there was any soil were low bush blueberries by the thousand, each blueberry watched and tended by a thousand black flies; more on these ledges than we have seen since we left the North East Carry. They were almost unbearable. The carry is perhaps 40 rods long. The launching place at the Millinocket end is over a slippery ledge, a disagreeable proposition; the surface of the lake is three or four feet below but but we manage it. There is a small cove also but no mud, ten rods and Millinocket opens out before us; on our left, in distance are vistas disclosing several islands, none of them large.

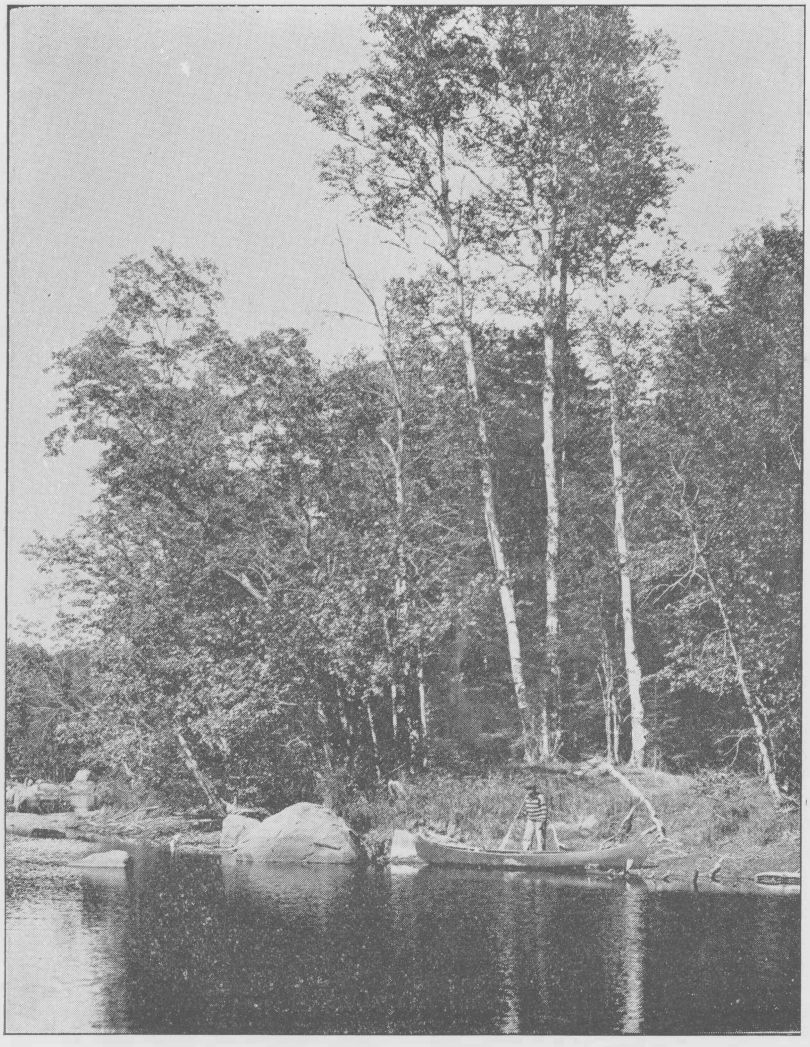


INTERIOR OF BOOM HOUSE

A lake with many islands is always credited with 365—one for every day in the year. In fact, there are less than twenty islands, all in the western end of the lake, a charming feature. There is a photo of the entire lake in part eight of this story. See how many islands can be counted there. Some islands are small, just a pile of rocks with a dozen trees on it, in profile like the island in the photograph.

This lake presents a view of Mt. Ktaadn "which is all its own," no other has or can have any resemblance to it, also it is more impressive than some others along the West Branch. The mountain is distant about fifteen miles, just far enough to give majesty and domination. There is a considerable hill in the foreground to afford a comparison.

Across the lake a long sand beach shines. (Sand beaches are our pets). We head for it, it proves to be the entrance of Sandy Stream into the lake. We land and walk along up the stream for a mile or more, all the way just white sand with a lively



WHITE BIRCH TREES, MILLINOCKET LAKE

stream running through it. Perhaps it is the same for other miles. Sandy Stream is a long, but small stream, having its rise in Sandy Stream Pond, miles beyond the eastern side of Mt. Ktaadn.

We return to the canoe and follow the northern (left hand) shore; soon come to Norway Point, with tall Norway pines scattered widely apart, no underbrush. Not a good camp spot if you must have a big fire. There is enough wood and chips around to cook with. The view in all directions is extensive, and very attractive. Passing around this point to the left we reach a peculiar swamp, a growth of very tough small trees, just reaching the surface; strong enough to crawl on and keep out of the water, much like dwarf spruces. After this Mud Brook and other swamps. These are all in the cove behind Norway Point; we turn around, re-enter the lake and pursue the left hand shore and reach the small dam at the outlet (Millinocket Stream). This dam has one very narrow sluice, which is also a gate. Can hold back a part of the water at spring pitch (but not much) and explains why Millinocket Lake has natural shores; and very lovely they are.

Below the sluice is a trout pool—we know because we took two-pound trout out of it. Ducks flew over the dam going and coming and gave two chances for a shot. One shot was fired, and brought down a couple of ducks, they were worthless, nothing but feathers and bones—native ducks—it was too early for the big migratory ducks from Hudson Bay to come along.

Just beyond this dam on the other (southern shore is the entrance to the Millinocket tote road, which runs eight miles or more along Millinocket Stream, ending at the foot of Fowler's carry.

From the Ambejejis boom house to the head of Fowler's carry is ten miles by water, through Ambejejis thoroughfare (2 miles), North Twin Lake and thoroughfare (5 miles), rapids below North Twin dam (1 mile), Quakish Lake (2 miles).

We shall leave "the wilderness" tomorrow. You are expecting (logically) before we leave a deer or moose story to match the bear story of Chesuncook. How can I tell such a story? There were no such animals around the West Branch in those years.

The most experienced Indian hunters went to the headwaters of the St. John river, to Smith brook or Snare brook at Eagle Lake for a moose, and perhaps get one or two in a season. Deer hunters went to Washington county or to Mt. Desert Island for deer. I well remember one of my neighbors who went to Mt. Desert Island every season, and got one or two deer.

I remember a man from Boston who never had seen a "live deer in his native woods," came to Bangor in the winter; asked questions; was ridiculed. He learned that there were deer in Hancock county, and in Washington county. Went to Aurora on the air-line stage, asked more questions, went into the woods on snowshoes, found his deer, shot it, toted it on his shoulders out to the settlement, and then it was his turn to laugh.

MILLINOCKET DAM, AT THE FOOT OF MILLINOCKET LAKE

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—Disraeli.

THE AMBEJEJIS BOOM HOUSE ON THE AMBEJEJIS THOROUGHFARE

There were no game laws at that time, one could kill a deer or moose at any time.

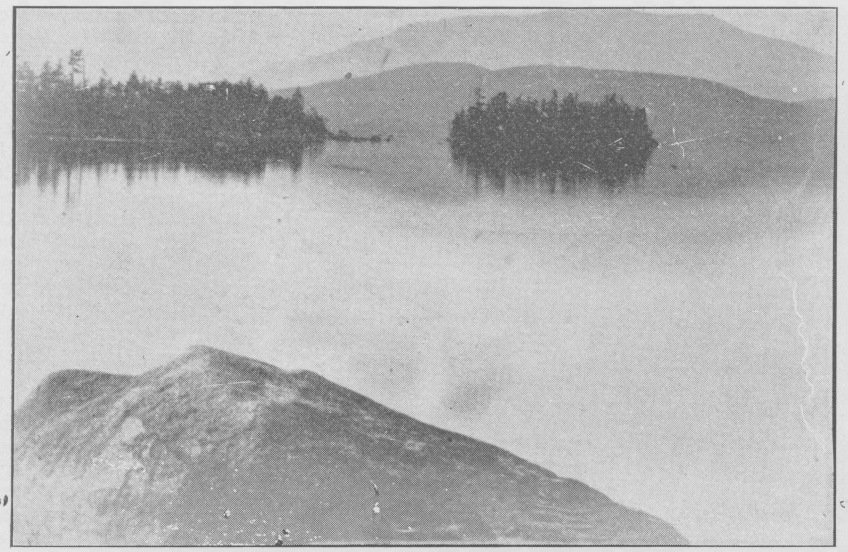
However, I can tell a moose story which is of 1877, and on this Millinocket Lake, is strictly true, not at all exciting, but quite interesting all the same. It was on my last trip to Mt. Ktaadn, my companion was Frank P. Wood of Bangor, Joe Davis and his son, Ernest Davis of Old Town were our boatmen. I used my half-inch-cedar bateau made by Hosea Maynard. We went by rail to Mattawamkeag, launched the bateau at "the point." Joe and Ernest poled it up-river, Frank and I walked by the road, were forded across the East Branch at "The Forks" and joined the others at Schoodic Stream, where we camped. Returning from our ascent of Mt. Ktaadn we met near the Ambejejis boom house two people in a canoe, and swapped experiences, told them that we were going over into Millinocket Lake, where we should camp. They said they should go there and would find us. It came to our last day on the lake and we had not seen them, it was proposed that we should go to the west end of the lake and look it over, we had been everywhere else. After traveling three miles Joe Davis said, "There is a canoe with some people in it over there in that cove across the lake. Perhaps they are the people we saw at Ambejejis, let's turn and follow them." We did so. I noticed that they paddled first on one side of the canoe, and then on the other. Joe said, "Some do that, but not many." We gained on them, when we got within a quarter mile we fired a gun to call their attention. They did not notice it. Later we got nearer and shouted. Soon as we got a near sight of them Joe cried, "It's not a canoe, nor people, it's a moose. He was likely swimming across the lake, and has come to shallow water and is walking toward to other shore."

Soon we came up with him, a good sized moose with good antlers. The eye of a moose can see behind as well as before, as can the eye of a horse. He was a psychologist, had sized us up and decided that we would do him no harm, he need not hurry himself. He could not anyway, his feet were in the muddy bottom, when he pulled up his right fore leg the antler on the opposite side of his head canted over, and that was the paddling on one side and the other which we had seen. He was entirely helpless, Could move his legs just enough to pull them out of the mud slowly and get ready for the next step. We could have blown his head off easily. But, what would we do with him if we got him? We had no thought of shooting him. It was his lake, not our lake, we were the tress-passers; if any were to be killed and eaten, it was ourselves. We were helpless also; there was no house nor road within ten miles. He took all the time he wanted, walked along slowly, reached the shore; went into the woods, never opened his mouth or said a word. We had him in sight half an hour or more.

The moose wanted an excursion and came down from the North woods, perhaps 60 or 70 miles. That distance would be only a forenoon's skip for him.

These animals(moose) were more numerous in later years, but not very much more. They became more inquisitive and adventuresome—yes—and impudent. Notice how some of these abandoned, humorous and good natured creatures cavorted in later years. Their first capers were to try to "hold-up" railway trains, and demand reservations in Pullman cars. Some were killed by the locomotives while enjoying themselves in this pastime. Then "they hauled in their

The greatest remedy for anger is delay.—Seneca.



MILLINOCKET LAKE—KATAHDIN IN THE DISTANCE

horns" and adopted a safer mode of amusement. They are always wandering around, I have printed records of some of their jokes:

"In June, 1907, Henry Damon of Orrington, was chased by a bull moose along the Dow road for more than a half a mile, and he turned off into a neighboring door-yard to avoid a serious assault."

1908. "A large cow moose paid a visit to Bangor early Sunday morning, and roamed all around in the city, was first seen on Pine street, was chased and stoned by boys, ran through Hancock and Exchange streets, jumped into Kenduskeag stream, took a bath, came out, went up Water street, then Union street at 75 miles an hour toward the wilds beyond Union street. Some one said that this moose was hired to come in and advertise the big fair at Maplewood next August, but that can't be proved." There were two other appearances of moose in Bangor in this account which I omit to save room for others. There was another account of this moose in the Bangor News, which is similar and confirmatory.

1909. "In May, 1909 a woman milking her cows on the "burnt land" district in South Brewer saw a cow moose piloting a baby calf moose pass by and go on as far as Beech Ridge." "In autumn of the same year a small bull moose, three years old, came out of the woods road from Field's Pond, and fed himself with oats in Coffey & Davies field in plain sight of all who passed along the highway." "The next June a thrifty bull moose appeared on the river front in North Brewer, came along down river and was seen among the oats in the field of Charles Goodness, back of St. Teresa's church in South Brewer. This moose was later found dead in a field, supposed to have been poisoned by eating some vegetables sprinkled with Paris green."

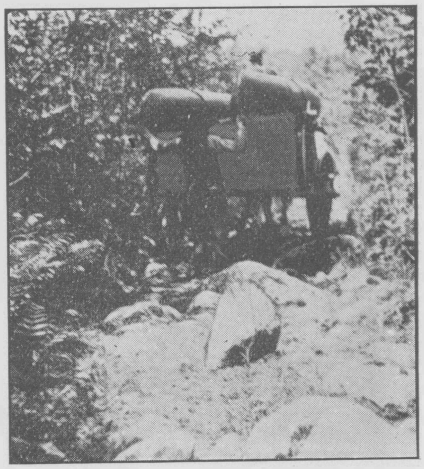
"Another gigantic bull moose appeared in South Brewer in May of the next year." The report is long with more details and closes, "Are these erratic acts no more than 'crazy freaks' of a belatedand vanishing race of giants, before they bid farewell to earth."

1909, July 26. "A big bull moose entered the pasture of Daniel Richardson at North Ellsworth and injured a valuable horse by forcing him onto the fence, tore down twelve lengths of the fence and made off into the woods. L. T. Carleton, game commissioner, was notified and sent a representative to view the premises, and to assess damages."

1909, June. "Moose visits Bar Harbor. While coming across the bay at 6:30 o'clock Monday morning in a power boat, Harry Rodick, Almond Snow, Mr. Royal, and Mr. Rodick's daughter saw two animals swimming just South of Bald Rock. One was an 800-pound cow moose, and the other a 500-pound bull moose; the boat ran up to the cow, and one of the occupants could have touched her with an oar if so disposed; the bull was farther away, but as the launch approached, the cow swerved and joined the bull and swam by his side until they reached the shore in front of the Fabbri cottage, near Duck Brook, which is eight miles from where they started at Gouldsboro. The cow landed, passed across the Eno estate and disappeared in the woods. The bull had his troubles, he got tangled up in a tennis net, but tore his way out of it, made a jump and landed on all fours on the Eno greenhouse, fell into it through glass and casings; he got out of that in some way, though slightly wounded by the glass, took to the water again, came out at the Cassett place, passed all obstacles in safety, crossed Eden street, and disappeared in the woods to find his mate."

After this the moose were quiet until October 17, 1911. "Tuesday of this week Mr. Edwin S. Wilson and Mr. Howard Peavey of Bangor sought their favorite hunting on the Marston meadow near Glenburn, and were soon bagging birds here and there. Mr. Wilson learned late in the forenoon from section men working near there of the presence of a moose close at hand; Mr. Wilson was not going to let such a chance get by him, telephoned to Mr. Charles A. Robbins of Bangor, who, by two o'clock was on his way with Mr. Wilson's repeater, which was destined to lay the moose low. In the meantime Mr. Wilson had sought and found the tracks of the moose and got an idea of the direction in which it was traveling. Mr. Robbins was met at the Larry place and the two started hot foot for the biggest moose ever seen in Maine. They failed to sight the moose that day, but, nothing daunted, decided to spend the night in an old barn on the meadow, and to be called by Mr. Larry at daylight. At daylight they were putting their shoes on, when Larry came running with the information that the moose had returned and was grazing not far down the line. The two hunters were off in an instant, and within five minutes Mr. Wilson had fired the first shot at a distance of 300 yards, which took effect in the breast, coming out at the left hip. The moose crashed off through the woods, but was fatally wounded and was found a couple of rods distant, staggering and ready to fall, was finished by two more shots. The elated hunters stood over their game, which they had secured within a few miles of their own residences, the biggest game that stalks the Maine wilds. The moose weighed 700 pounds."

This account does not state that the moose was a bull or a cow. The next caper was at Bangor. "At just 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, (Oct. 3rd, 1916) Steward Thompson of the Bangor State Hospital called the Commercial office and informed the reporter that a bull moose had arrived in town. That he was meandering through the grounds at a leisurely gait and was headed for Ayredale



C. T. POWERS' TEAM HAULING CANOES

Farm. At 8:02 o'clock Ayredale Farm rang up "There's a bull moose browsing in our back yard. Come up with a camera and get a picture of it." The Commercial photographer was hustled to the scene in a motor, but when he arrived the moose had gone to pastures new. He had gone down Garland street pursued by Mr. F. W. Ayer in a motor car. He then went up Pearl street, then through a yard to Birch and Maple streets, stopping in the garden of Frank E. Cannon to eat a few string beans, then to Parkview avenue, where he chased Mr. Frank T. Casey for awhile, and then went up Garland street. Children on their way to Palm street school shouted, "Oh see that reindeer." Next he was in the backyard of Mayor John F. Woodman. Frederick Woodman, son of the Mayor heard "Mutt" bark as he barks when in the woods after game. The dog was out of the house in a jiffy and Frederick after him. To their astonishment there was a moose. "Mutt' chased him over fences and yards to Broadway, across the lawn of Dr. Hayward Stetson, then the garden of Mrs. Frank Hinckley, and other Broadway residents. Reaching State street, the fire team, out for practice, chased the moose, but could not keep up with it. From the foot of Pine street it plunged into the river, swam across to Brewer and was last seen entering the woods east of North Main street. H. Ellison Gray, a photographer, chased the moose in Brewer with his camera and took some pictures, but the image did not show up well. This moose may be one of the two seen in Old Town Monday. They are evidently wise to the fact that they cannot be shot until 1919."

The latest is of a moose that visited Augusta about Nov. 25th, 1922, in early morning, and paraded all over town. Estimated weight 1000 pounds and carried enormous antlers. "The big fellow may have been hoping to meet Governor Baxter with reference to moose conservation laws, or the Ktaadn Park game sanctuary, and left town with regret at not having seen him."—*Portland Press-Herald.*

I have told you "moose stories," may they interest you.

Our return up the lake was so late that we had not time to visit the islands in the western end. The climb up the slippery ledge at the carry was easier than to climb down, it was cooler, the black flies had become torpid and did not molest. We reached the Ambejejis house at sunset without adventure. The last glow of sunset glorified the great mountain, we did not expect to have such a view of it again.

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh help."

George McGuire is repairing the old dam at Sourdnahunk-Main River, and also replacing a part of the old dam with new sections.

Here and There

Mrs. J. E. Sargent is visiting in Bangor.

* * *

Mr. N. A. Smith was in the Forty Mile region recently.

* * *

A. F. Murphy is now clerking the Greenville Store House.

* * *

Paper towel racks have lately been installed at the Farms.

* * *

"Jack Spruce" is scaling at the Rainbow Operation.

* * *

The last trip of the boat on Moosehead Lake was made Dec. 7.

* * *

Alphonse Bertrand is assisting Dan Flannagan in the office at Seboomook.

* * *

Clerk Arey of the Greenville Shop has been laid up of late with a bad cold.

* * *

Charles Barnett, an old employee of the Company, is driving Mr. Joseph Shean's Span.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards are employed by Mr. Henry Bartley at the Piscataquis Exchange.

* * *

Thomas Drinkwater, who has been firing at the Portage Lake sluice has returned to his home in Hampden.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gunn are rejoicing in the birth of a daughter, Hazel Marie, born in Bucksport, Nov. 24th.

* * *

Mederick Michaud, who has been employed by the Company for the past fourteen years, has gone to Clarion, Pa., on a two years job.

* * *

Louis Murphy, who is a student at St. Mary's College at Van Buren, Maine, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy at Rockwood during the holiday vacation.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fairbanks are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Alicia. The family has moved into the house at Rockwood which has just been vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gallagher.

A gent in cowboy costume came over the greensward during an afternoon session:

"Who is he?" whispered Evans.

"He is the fish warden," replied Moore.

"Poor fish," said Evans, sizing up the perspiring salesmen.

WHEN MA GETS BACK

Ma's been away for 'most all day,
An' my! we've had such lots of fun;
We've romped upstairs and everywheres,
Pulled up the curtains every one,
An' scared the cat so badly that
She yowled an' yowled an' ran an' ran
About the place an' broke a vase,
An' then upset the ashes pan;
Right on the back-hall carpet, too!
An' now we don't know what we'll do
When Ma gets back.

I wish we hadn't been so bad
An' turned the whole house upside down,
An' ate the cake and tried to make
An army tent of Ma's white gown.
We're gettin' scared, an' if we dared
We'd go to same dark place and hide
An' keep as still an' wait until
Ma pitied us—I wish we'd tried
To be good boys an' girls for now—
O, Omm! won't there be an offul row
When Ma gets back.

MRS. A. R. PALMER.

I do not pray for peace,
Nor ask that on my path
The sound of war shall shrill no more,
The way be clear of wrath.
But this I beg thee, Lord,
Steel thou my will with might,
And in the strife that men call life,
Grant me the strength to fight.

I do not pray for arms,
Nor shield to cover me
What though I stand with empty hand,
So it be valiantly!
Spare me the coward's fear—
Questioning wrong or right:
Lord, among these, mine enemies,
Grant me the strength to fight.

I do not pray that thou
Keep me from any wound,
Though I fall low from thrust and blow,
Forced, fighting, to the ground;
But give me wit to hide
My hurt from all men's sight,
And for my need the while I bleed,
Lord, grant me strength to fight.
Theodosia Garrison. "The Earth Cry." Mitchell Kennerley.

A PRAYER

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a Comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,
God make me worthy of my friends.

Frank Dempster Sherman
in High Tide Poems.

NOT MORRIS

Nina—I want to buy an easy chair for my husband?

Salesman—Morris?

Nina—No, Earnest.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a better.—Hoglitt.

THE NORTHERN

A MAGAZINE OF CONTACT BETWEEN THE MANAGEMENT AND THE MEN of the Spruce Wood Department Great Northern Paper Company

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on the week of the fifteenth of each month.

Gratis to the fortunate within the pale—gratis to the unfortunate without the pale.

All employees are asked to cooperate with news items, personals, photographs, suggestions, anything that will please and not offend. Address all communications direct to Montford S. Hill, Superintendent, room 607, 6 State St., Bangor, Maine. Copy must be in by the tenth of the month.

From the Press of the Furbush Printing Company, 108 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

We Bring New Year's Greetings to all our readers and friends

Editorials

YOUR UNITED STATES

A few years ago a foreigner of international reputation visited this country of ours, and when he returned to his home he wrote a book on what he had seen here and his impressions of the country. The title of his book was, "Your United States."

What he said in his book is not of prime importance to us just now, but the title sets us thinking. It is "Your United States." Every American citizen can think and feel just that way about it. It is your United States in the double sense that it is yours to enjoy, and it is yours because you make it what it is. No land in the world today offers its citizens more of what makes for their happiness, well-being and prosperity than does the land in which we live; and for that very reason no land lays graver responsibilities upon its people. It is a world-old law that privilege entails responsibility. The higher the privilege the graver the responsibility.

We make our United States what it is through public opinion. Public opinion is a real force. Public opinion is what the majority of the people think about any theme. There will be disagreements on any subject. It appears some times as though no two people think alike, but important questions ultimately assume a form which gathers a minority and a majority opinion. That majority makes the United States what it is; and it will change any situation, if brought to bear with sufficient force. In that manner changes are wrought in our government, in our politics and in our social life. So forceful a thing is public opinion that one defies it at his own peril. In his scorn of the effectiveness of public opinion, a man one time said, "The public be damned." In the jail where he soon landed, he had time to reflect and reconstruct his thinking along that line.

Whatever change we desire, whatever advancement we hope for, it must be secured through public opinion. That is, we must bring a majority of the people to see the thing as we see it—as desirable or necessary. If we fail ultimately to secure the majority for our view, the chances are that we have made a mistake in the whole, or a part of what we advocate. The ultimate test of truth or worth-while-ness of anything is whether or not we can make the other fellow see it. At just this point fancy, illusion and hallucination break down and the truth imerges.

The only thing that makes democracy better or safer than any other form of government is the sound horse sense of the individual man combined with others of his kind into a composite judgment of what is sound and best. So has your United States been made, so it will continue to be made.

Your United States in what it is reflects the kind of citizens resident within its borders. If at any point it fails to give us the highest degree of satisfaction it must be that we ourselves have failed in some particular. The only way in which we can make ours the best government in the world is first to make ourselves the best citizens in the world. The only way in which democracy will ever be made safe for the world is to make ourselves safe for democracy. So shall we meet and discharge the obligations which our United States lays upon us. Then its highest privileges will be ours to enjoy freely.

OUR EYESIGHT

In these days when efficiency counts and personal comfort and convenience receive consideration, it is not strange that the question of eyesight should become a matter of public concern. An organization has been formed with headquarters in New York City for the purpose of conducting a campaign of education to secure more careful attention to the vision of children. Statistics show that of the 25,000,000 school children of America, more than two-thirds show defective vision under test. Another source of information shows that of 100,000 school children in New York City who failed to pass their examinations in school, 50,000 of them, upon examination of their eyesight, proved to be suffering from defective vision.

Children undergo physical changes at certain periods of their lives, and at some stages of this change great lack of balance is to be discovered in the organism of the child. Particularly at this stage is defective vision to be noticed. The danger is that this defect will become permanent, unless corrected at the proper time.

That there is too much neglect of this important matter is evidenced by further reports. It has been shown that a majority of the people of the United States of adult years suffer from defective vision, most of which is said to be remedial. More than 42,000,000 people in this country are engaged in gainful occupations, more than 25,000,000 of them labor under the disadvantage of some form of defective vision or eye strain. A portion of this defect is probably carried over from childhood defects which were allowed to pass uncorrected. Some part of it, no doubt, is due to neglect on the part of adults themselves.

If, as expert opinion suggests, a large part of this could be corrected and relieved the Eyesight Conservation Council of America will do a good work in calling attention to the increased efficiency and comfort to be had from proper care.

READING MATTER FOR SOCIAL GROUPS

Under the caption "Do Sailors Like to Read," the current issue of the *World's Work* devotes more than a page in its Editorial colums to a discussion of the establishment of an enterprise fathered by the American Library Association during the war. In this discussion attention is called to the fact that this work was found so necessary that a special organization has been perfected known as, The American Merchant Marine Library Association having President Harding as its honorary head and Mrs. Henry Howard of Cleveland as its active head. Through this organization large quantities of reading material are furnished to the American Sailor. At the close of this Editorial the *World's Work* says, "Here is Americanization of an especially constructive kind." Reading

this article we were reminded of what one of our Superintendents told us not long ago of an employee who was not able last year to speak and read the English language. He returned to the same Superintendent this year and said to him that I was caught last year not knowing English, but I have learned it now. Reports which reach us are to the effect that our foreign population is ambitious to know the language of the land. Everything should be done to encourage this desire. America has an obligation in such matters that is not wholly without a self interest.

———o———

The sad failure of the two game wardens, David Brown and Mertley Johnson, to return from the deep woods has been in the past few weeks the occasion of much interest and concern in Northern territory. Nothing yet has been uncovered disclosing their whereabouts. But after an absence of several weeks it seems as though there can be little hope of these men being alive. David Brown was an officer of the law and not an employee of the Company; but his activities had been so close to the field and people of the Company that he could hardly be thought of as separate from us. Mr. Johnson was the son of "Sandy" Johnson, a man who has been employed by the Company for a long time. To the relatives of these men much sympathy is hereby extended in their days and weeks of anxious waiting.

———o———

The Northern wishes to convey the heartfelt sympathy of the many friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Whalen in the death of their little daughter.

———o———

ONCE MORE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Attention is again called to the plan of publishing *The Northern* on the week of the fifteenth of each month. To do this we need the copy as soon as the tenth of the month. Some of the last few numbers have been delayed or held back purposely for some special reasons, but our plan to issue on the week of the fifteenth still obtains. Please govern yourselves accordingly.

———o———

Every man who rises above the common level receives two educations. The first from his instructors, the second, the most personal and important, from himself.

———o———

Mr. Carr—So you spent Sunday with Subbubs, did you? Is his house far from the station?

Mr. Shanks—About two miles, as the dust flies.

Bangor Office Locals

Gerald Averill was at the Grant Farm last week on business.

* * *

C. Douglas Libbey of Newport has accepted a position in the Accounting Department.

* * *

Robert L. King has been at Seboomook recently in the interest of the Accounting Department.

* * *

Milton LePage is back at his work after honeymooning in New York and Canada. Congratulations old boy.

* * *

The Accounting Department has opened up a new position, *Chief Draftsman.* His duty is to lower the windows twice daily so the boys can have a little fresh air.

———o———

COOL PHILOSOHPHY

Johnny had told a falsehood, and his mother was anxiously talking with him. "The Bible says, Johnny," she told him, "that no one who tells lies can go to heaven."

"Mama," he asked, "Did you ever tell a lie?"

"I dare say I did, my son, when I was very small like you, and did not realize how wicked it was."

"Did papa ever tell a lie?"

"Perhaps he might, when he was a little boy; but he would not do it now."

"Well," remarked the young philosopher, "I don't know as I care about going to heaven, if there isn't going to be anybody there but God and George Washington."—*Anonymous.*

———o———

Robert McLeod is attending the University of Maine.

* * *

C. A. Daggett of the Greenville Shop was in Rockland lately.

* * *

A. J. Bertrand is at Old Town with his family for a short time.

———o———

Professor Copeland of Harvard, as the story goes, reproved his students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting one girl was twenty minutes late. Professor Copeland waited until she had taken her seat. Then he remarked bitingly:

"How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without the lemon, please," Miss Brown answered quite gently.—*Everybody's.*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartley and daughter were recent visitors in Bangor.

* * *

The Murch family are comfortably located and keeping house at the Thirty-Seven Mile.

* * *

Thomas Leet is looking after the repairs of Trucks and Tractors on the Kineo side of the lake.

* * *

Wilfred Besque had the misfortune to break his leg at the Smith Brook Operation. He was taken to Waterville.

* * *

Catherine Hilton is at her home in Rockwood for a few days at Christmas. She is attending school in Waterville.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Burr and son, H. D., came down from the Caucomgomoc Operation Dec. 20 to pass the Christmas season at home. Mrs. Burr is spending the winter at Mr. Burr's Operation.

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A TIMELY WARNING

Mrs. Winn invited the minister to return home with her for dinner one Sunday, and the good man accepted. Little seven-year-old Frank had attended church with his mother and had listened to the sermon very attentively. The subject had been "Thrift," and the minister had waxed eloquent concerning thrift of the real and mistaken kind.

After dinner was finished and the family adjourned to the piazza, the minister asked the little boy:

"Were you interested in the sermon today, my lad?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank.

"I am glad to hear that you liked it," said the minister, kindly. "Are you going to put the lesson into use?"

"I have," answered Frank.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the minister in surprise. "And in what way?"

"Why," explained the little boy, "I was going to put a nickel in the collection plate, but after you said so much about putting money to the best uses I made up my mind I'd save it for some real need."

———o———

Mrs. John P. Hayes is spending the winter with her husband at Loon Stream. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are spending Christmas in Waterville. Before returning up-river Mr. Hayes expects to visit Portland.

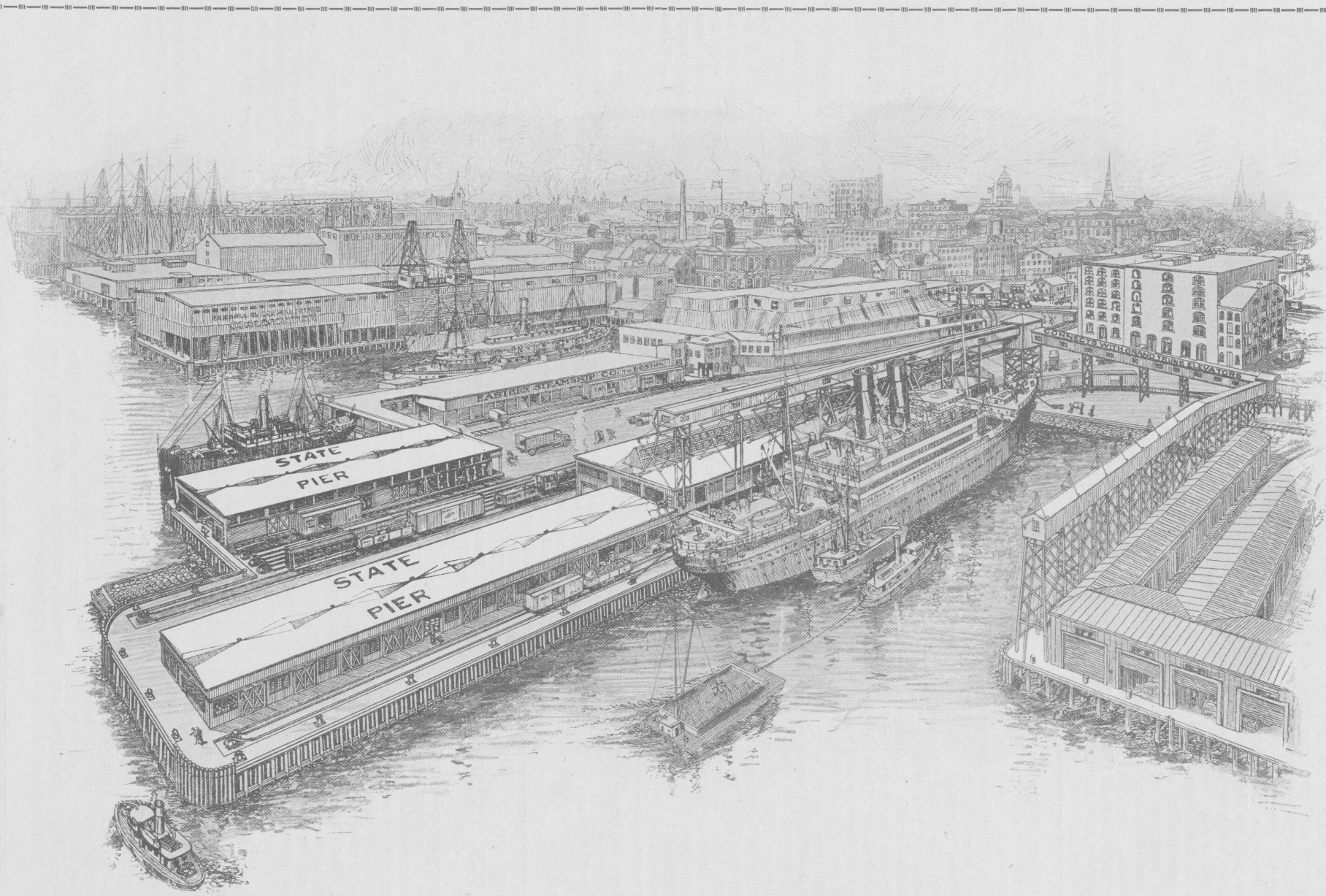
* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McDonald of Seboomook have lately been passing a week in Bangor, Portland and Boston.

———o———

Mistress—Oh, Jane, I told you to notice when the jam boiled over!

New Maid—So I did, mum. It was a quarter past 11.



NEW STATE OF MAINE PIER AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED

THE NEW STATE OF MAINE PIER AT PORTLAND

About six or eight years ago the Portland Chamber of Commerce started out to interest the State of Maine in the advantages of Portland Harbor and the need there of a modern pier. This resulted in the enactment of a law by the 1917 Legislature authorizing an issue of bonds for $1,150,000, with which to build a State pier at Portland. This law was approved by the voters of the State by a majority of about 4 to 1. The city of Portland agreed to furnish a site which was later done through the formation of a Pier Site District, including Portland and South Portland. The cost of the site selected was $350,000, so that the new State pier, now nearing completion is a million and half dollar investment.

Many have said that Portland possesses a fine natural harbor, but few realize that it has, by nature, one of the very best in the world. Our friends in the middle west are urging our Federal Government to deepen the St. Lawrence river at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars in order to bring to them the Atlantic ocean which Maine has always had along its whole eastern boundary, but which it has of late years not made much use of. (The shore line of Maine is about one-half of the whole Atlantic shore line of the U. S.) Canadian Officials have said that were Maine a part of Canada, Portland would now be one of the largest cities on the Atlantic coast.

This State pier is located on Commercial street just west from the Grand Trunk docks. It is constructed of southern pine creosoted piles. About 8,000 of these have been used. When one familar with Maine woods, is told that these piles are from 65 to 90 feet long, averaging about 80 ft., he does not ask whither they could have been supplied locally. The Eastern or Trans-Atlantic side is 1000 ft. long with 35 ft. of water at low tide along its entire side. About half of this has a concrete deck. On this portion will be a two story steel shed, about 500 ft. long and 90 ft. wide. The ground floor will be used for freight and baggage, the second floor for passenger service. The outer half of the pier has a timber deck with a one story steel shed about 500 ft. in length and 60 ft. in width.

Between these sheds and the edge of the wharf runs a single line of railroad tracks; on the other side runs four lines of tracks, sunken so that the floor of the cars are on the same level as the floor of the shed. These tracks will be used for both freight and passengers. Along the two story shed runs the grain galleries which connect with the two elevators of the Grand Trunk Railway, with whom a contract has been made for the supplying of grain direct from these elevators to vessels loading at the State pier. The two elevators have a combined capacity of 2½ million bushels. This is the portion which will be used almost exclusively for trans-Atlantic business.

The outer half of the pier will be available for both trans-Atlantic and coastwise business. Likely this portion will be used principally by such lines as the Nasco, which is now running between Portland and the Pacific. Already a big business has been developed by this line and since rates are less than half the rail rates, a large saving has already been made to the industries of Maine. Both inward and outward cargoes are being shipped.

On the west side of the pier are the sheds leased to the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc., for their Boston and New York service. A new shed with all the modern appliances for handling freight has been built for this latter service. Among other devices are three electric escolators which make the handling of the trucks from the vessel to the floor of the shed quick, easy and cheap in comparison with the old method of using eight or ten men to push up each loaded truck whenever the tide was low, which necessarily was often.

The Directors of the Port have obtained a reduction of 5 per cent. in rates on business going to and from New York via this route. This rate is less than by any other existing route. On one of the last sailings there were about 1600 tons of freight collected from every part of the State. (It is interesting to know that most of the freight going by this route originates or is destined for points in Maine other than Portland). It has been estimated that the saving in freight charges on goods shipped by this route will amount to about $70,000 per year. This is figured upon the tonage formerly carried by this line of 200,000 tons per year. If the last sailings should prove to be average ones the savings will, of course, amount to much more since there are now three sailings per week each way.

The building and administration of this pier is by a Board of Five Directors, four of whom are appointed by the Governor and Council and one by the Mayor of Portland. The present board has the following members: Henry Merrill of Portland, Alexander T. Laughlin of Portland, Bertran G. McIntyre of Norway, Fred W. Bunker of North Anson and James Q. Gulnac of Bangor. It will, therefore, be seen that the majority of the board reside outside the city of Portland.

Many Maine people are wondering whether this investment of one and one-half millions of dollars will be a success. Only the future can answer this, but certain it is that the pier has opened a new channel for the shipping of Maine manufactured goods and when one realizes that the amount of money invested in these manufactures is more than one-half billion of dollars, no one can question but that any lowering of freight charges, greater freedom from car shortage or from freight congestion or embargos for these industries make the success of the pier look very promising.

It is interesting to note that in 1920 there was invested in farming in Maine $270,526,733, which is more by $10,060,693 than the combined capital of the pulp and paper, the woolen and worsted, the boots and shoes, and the cotton industries of the State. At many ports you can find piers for individual industries such as iron, coal, lumber, etc., but where will you find a pier for the farmer? It is the hope of the directors that the State pier at Portland can be made a pier for the farmers of Maine. There should be constructed at this place a warehouse and cold storage plant to store the surplus products of the farms. Branches in other centrally located places throughout the State should also be built. Stock could be stored in these places for future shipment and warehouse receipts issued which could be discounted at the banks for 80 per cent. of their face value. This would enable the farmers to market their products to better advantage, making it unnecessary for them all to sell their product at about the same time. This would be better for the consumer as well as the producer. Is it fair for the business men of the cities to see so plainly the need of storage facilities for their own products (much of which is not seasonable) and not recognize the greater need of such facilities for the farmers? The best thought of the business men of the State can be used to no better purpose than in solving the problem of marketing of farm products. In this solution, right or wrong, rests the future of the State.

It is certain that if Maine possessed today the spirit and enterprise of its earlier citizens, no one would be questioning its future. Our Maine ancestors made good use of their opportunities and they produced a State which took its place among the foremost in the Union. They did not do this by wondering, however. With all the advantages a Divine Providence has showered upon this north-

eastern corner of the United States, should we, its present possessors, harbor any doubts? Let us cast them to the winds and determine that we shall regain for Maine the position our forefathers made for this "Pine Tree State" with its motto of "Dirigo." Let this motto remain an ever-continuing challenge to ourselves, not an ever-questionable boast justified only by the great deeds of our ancestors.

IF ONE MUST HAVE AN ITEMIZED BILL

An old church in England decided to repair its properties and employed an artist to touch up some large paintings. Upon presenting his bill, the committee in charge refused payment unless the details were specified, whereupon the following itemized bill was presented:

ITEMS

	£	s	d
To Correcting the Ten Commandments	1	2	0
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and New Ribbons on Hat		15	6
Extending Saul's Legs		5	4
Repluming and Gilding Left of Guardian Angel	1	2	0
Washing the Servant of the High Priest and Carmine Cheek		18	4
Touching Up Purgatory and Restoring Lost Souls		15	4
Renewing Heaven, Adjusting the Stars, Cleaning the Moon	1	5	6
Brighten Up Flames of Hell, New Tail on Devil		12	
Mending Devil's Hoof, Odd Jobs for the Damned		10	6
Rebordering Harold's Robes, Adjusting Wig		16	4
Taking Spots Off the Son of Tobias		5	
Cleaning Balaam's Ass and Putting Shoes on		7	6
Putting New Earrings in Sara's Ears		5	4
Putting New Stone in David's Sling, Enlarging Goliah's Head		12	6
Putting New Tail on Rooster and Mending Comb		12	6
Decorating Noah's Ark and Putting Head on Shem		15	6
Mending Prodigal Son's Shirt and Cleaning Ears		14	7
	£11	16	8

Two country youths, visiting London, decided to go to the opera. Approaching the ticket window they asked for two seats.

"Stalls?" inquired the ticket clerk.

"Look 'ere, my man!" retorted the spokesman sharply, "dinna ye think because we came frae the country that we're cattle. Gie us twa cushioned seats."—*Boston Transcript.*

DATA ON MAINE TIMBERLANDS

Acreage of State of Maine Wild and Public Lands (From State Assessors' 1920 Report)		9,435,271 acres
State Assessors' Valuation for the years 1921 and 1922		$66,783,418.00
Valuation per acre		$ 7.078
Total Value on a 70% tax basis		$95,404,882.75
Valuation per acre		$10.11

TAXES:

State tax per $1.00 valuation	.006	
County tax, approximately	.00125	
Forest District tax	.00225	
Total	.00950	
$66,783,418.00 valuation at .00950 rate		$ 634,442.47
Road tax estimated		90,000.00
Total taxes		$ 724,442.47

FIRES:

One-third of 1% of total area at value $10.11 per acre (average fire loss for period 1903 to 1920 inclusive)	$ 318,016.27

ADMINISTRATION:

Estimated at 4c per acre	$ 377,411.84
Total operating cost	$ 1,419,870.58

ANNUAL YIELD:

(a) The annual growth at .15 cords per acre	1,415,290 cords
(b) The annual growth based on 2% of Colby's estimate of the Wild Lands	883,353 cords
(c) The annual cut as reported by the Board of State Assessors for the year 1921	1,382,753 cords
(d) The annual cut as reported by the Board of State Assessors for the year 1922	1,221,234 cords

THE VALUE OF THE DIFFERENT YIELDS AT $4.00 PER CORD:

(a) 1,415,290 cords at $4.00	$5,661,160.00
(b) 883,353 cords at $4.00	$3,533,412.00
(c) 1,382,753 cords at $4.00	$5,531,012.00
(d) 1,221,234 cords at $4.00	$4,884,936.00

NET RETURNS: Value of Yield Less Total Operating.

(a) $5,661,160.00 less $1,419,870.58	$4,241,289.42
(b) $3,533,412.00 less $1,419,870.58	$2,113,541.42
(c) $5,531,012.00 less $1,419,870.58	$4,111,141.42
(d) $4,884,936.00 less $1,419,870.58	$3,465,065.42

PERCENTAGE OF INCOME:

Based on the value of yield (a) and the total value	$ 4,241,289.42		
	95,404,882.75		4.4%
Based on the value of yield (b) and the total value	$ 2,113,541.42		
	95,404,882.75		2.2%
Based on the value of yield (c) and the total value	$ 4,111,141.42		
	95,404,882.75		4.3%
Based on the value of yield (d) and the total value	$ 3,465,065.42		
	95,404,882.75		3.6%

TOTAL VALUE TO YIELD 6% INCOME:

Assuming that we have a growth of .15 cords per acre or a net return of $4,241,289.42 then the value of the land to assure us of a 5% income	$4,241,289.42	
	.06	$70,688,156.66 or $7.50 per acre

Winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators—Gibbon.

LUMBER CAMP HONESTY

BY SHERMAN ROGERS, INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"Whatever gave you the idea that ninety-five per cent. of men want to play fair?" snapped a member of one of the first audiences I addressed in the East. Before I had a chance to answer, he added, "It's all right for you theoretical geniuses to expound these wonderful theories from a platform, but I have long since found, by bitter experience, that beautiful theory and cold reality aren't always the closest of friends."

"Well," I answered, "it's late. Suppose we go into the dining-room and have a cup of coffee, and I'll tell you what started a belief that has since grown to positive conviction that ninety-five men out of a hundred are fundamentally square."

"I'm from Missouri," laughed my interrogator, as we sat down, "and will have to be shown."

I proceeded to show him as well as I could by telling him the following story of my early days in a lumber camp.

I was engaged in a Pacific coast steam logging camp as a "rigging slinger," which is probably as hard a job and as unpleasant a one as there is in a high lead logging camp. It doesn't mean that all beginners take that job, because they don't. It takes a husky man to stick with it, but you do get a first-class opportunity to study human nature—not the rigging slingers alone, but those rough, fighting workers who compose the entire yarding crews.

Although I had worked in the woods in the intermountain section of Idaho, where the timber was small and all logging performed by hand, for many years, I found that my past logging experience was practically valueless in a steam logging camp.

In due time Christmas rolled around. I had saved a small amount of money—as money goes even in a logging camp—but to me, who had been down and almost out for quite a while, my faith in everything shaken, my pay check seemed like a small fortune. As I recall it, my check amounted to $186. As the workers in the camp were paid off for the week's Christmas holiday, given in all Western logging operations, the superintendent called me in and askd me if I was returning after New Year's. I assured him that I would be back. "All right," he said. "I've noticed that you never take a drink."

"No," I answered, "I haven't so far in life. I don't intend to start in this week."

I was curious to know why the superintendent asked me the question, but, on my query, he answered: "I take it that you must be green in the woods, and I just wanted to tell you that while you're downtown if you don't 'blow your money' you'll likely have a fair amount of change left when the vacation is over."

"Don't worry about that," I replied: "I'm not going to spend any of it, only for a hotel, a few picture shows, and a ticket back."

"No, no!" growled the superintendent. "I didn't want an oration on what you're going to do with it, but I've noticed that you're not familiar with the customs of the woods. While you're in town you'll continually meet some of the boys from the camp who are broke. They may ask you for a few dollars. When they do, don't ask any questions; just give it to them, as long as it is in small amounts, and don't worry about it; you'll get it back."

The superintendent was right. During the week I spent in town it seemed to me that the lumberjacks had spent their money with remarkable suddenness. Practically every man I ran into passed a very friendly greeting with a string attached, the string being a good-natured request for "a couple of dollars."

On the evening of the third day I counted up. I had just about enough left to get back. However, before I reached the boat I had given out $10 more to three friends who hadn't fared very well in the various "spending academies" dotting the streets in the famous skid-road section below the totem-pole in the "Queen City."

Yet I was buoyed up with the positive assurance of the superintendent that I would get it all back. "Maybe not this month," he told me, "but it'll all come back in the course of two or three pay days." But during the following week, bounding through the brush with the fourteen to twenty foot heavy "choker" cables at $3.30 a day, I couldn't help but become a little pessimistic about "getting it all back." Before the first of the month rolled around I was downright nervous, and I frankly told the superintendent that I had regretted the fact many times that my hundred and fifty-odd dollars I had loaned out were not safely reposing in a savings bank.

"Just as good where it is," he replied. "The savings bank might 'bust,' but these lumberjacks that you have loaned this money to aren't going to all die at once."

I knew that the loans were widely distributed. I hadn't kept track. I didn't know just how many men owed me, nor what amounts. In all, I think there were about thirty-five or forty loans, ranging from one dollar to fifteen. But what made me most nervous was the fact that not over thirty per cent. of our crew had come back. A goodly part of the men I had loaned money to had gone out to other camps in various parts of the State. I didn't even know the names of most of them, and certainly hadn't the slightest idea where they had gone.

To my intense surprise, on the third, fourth, and fifth of the first month my mail had the appearance of a collection agency. It seemed that all of a sudden I had become decidedly popular somewhere. Most of the envelopes contained a bill. Very few of them any other notice—a one-dollar, a two-dollar bill, or a five-dollar bill—leaving me no wiser than before as to who had sent it. I got back over a hundred dollars that first month. By March 1 a few odd one dollar and two-dollar bills had come in. By March 5 the entire amount had come back with the exception of one $7 loan and a $5 loan. I figured, by March 10, that I had probably lost the last.

During March a man in our camp was badly hurt, and I took him to the hospital. We arrived at the institution at about one o'clock in the morning. I remained long enough to see him into the ward reserved for men hurt in logging operations. As I entered the ward I heard: "There he is now! Hey, you!" I walked over to the bed from which the call came, and recognized a former worker in our camp, but I didn't recall anything further to bring him to mind.

"You loaned me $5," he blurted out. "I've been in the hospital here for six weeks, and I haven't been able to send it to you. I just got my compensation check from the State this morning, and here's your $5, Thanks very much."

I then went to bed, to get up two hours later to catch an early boat back up the canal. At that hour the "skid road" is practically deserted. I hadn't advanced very far when some one yelled and started on a run toward me. Instinctively I felt, "Here's a hold-up." I started to run. My pursuer was in good shape. Every few minutes he yelled lustily for me to stop. I put up a good race, but he steadily gained. However, I had reached Railroad avenue by this time—out in the open glare of the electric lights. I figured I was safe, but the man chasing me didn't stop. He ran up to me, put his hand in his hand in his pocket, and wrathfully exclaimed, "You big chump! I've been looking for you ever since I came to town. I knew I had borrowed $7 from somebody. As you passed the alleyway back there, I recognized you, and

Education is only second nature.—Bushnell.

instantly recognized the fact that I owed you the $7. Here it is. Thanks. See you again some time."

As I walked to the boat landing I realized that I had made thirty or forty promiscuous loans to men without knowing whether I should ever see them again, to men who had no money a week after pay day, to men who knew full well they probably would never see me again, and yet one hundred per cent. of those men had returned their loans to me. In other words, one hundred per cent. of these practical strangers had proved themselves to be square.

This experience was the beginning of the creed I have since grown to have perfect confidence in—that ninety-five per cent. of men want to play fair.—*Courtesy of Mr. Rogers and The Outlook.*

———o———

SHE WENT KERPLUNK

Driving home from market over wet and muddy roads the old farmer met a friend.

"How are ye today, Silas," was the greeting.

"Just tolerable, thank ye, Abner."

"How's the Missus?"

"Ask her, she's settin' in the back end."

"Land sakes, Silas, there be nobody there."

"Gosh, that accounts for the splash I heard a mile back. Gol darn it, I'll have to drive back for her or go without supper tonight."

———o———

HEARD AFTER THE PICTURE SHOW AT ROCKWOOD

Diamond: "What were you fellows trying to do; work yourselves out of a job?"

Babcock: "No; but do you know why they did not take pictures of your crew?"

Diamond: "No; do you?"

Babcock: "Sure; everybody knows that. They were after *moving* pictures."

C. E. C.

———o———

Smile and the world smiles with you,
"Knock" and you go it alone;
For the cheerful grin will let you in
Where the "kicker" is never known.

Growl and the way looks dreary;
Laugh, and the path is bright;
For a welcome smile brings sunshine,
While a frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing,
Work, and the prize is won;
For the nervy man with backbone can
By nothing be out done.

—*The Anvil.*

———o———

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.

HON. CHARLES W. CURTIS,
the efficient purchasing agent of the Spruce Wood Dept. and member-elect of the coming Maine Legislature, representing the Brewer class.

THE MAINE LEGISLATURE

Maine holds a State election once in two years—it coming in the years that are numbered with the even numbers. This election is held in September, and this is the only State election which does not fall in November—all other States of the Union holding their elections in November. The State Legislature convenes on the first Wednesday of January following the election; hence this body meets in biennial session in the years numbered with the odd numbers. It holds only one session for the two years except in case the Governor of the State calls this body together in Special Session which he may do any time during that part of the two years when the regular session is not on. The Maine Legislature holds usually from three to four months at its regular sessions. It is not bound to adjourn at any definite date. It is composed of two branches in accordance with our National legislative body and as all State legislatures are—Senate and House of Representatives, the members in both branches being chosen by popular vote from the various sections of the State on a percentage of population basis. The Senate has a membership of thirty-one and represent Counties while the House of Representatives is made up of one hundred and fifty-one members, chosen from various cities, towns and plantations which are arranged in classes. The coming session is the 81st in the State's history. We shall attempt to give some little news from the State House at Augusta in the coming few months. We have before pointed in these columns to the duty and privilege of American citizens interesting themselves in matters of Government. This should be done Nationally. But the average man cannot do this to the same extent that he can do it in matters of his State. The Country is massively large and the seat of Government—Washington—is far removed from most of us. But the affairs of a State come nearer home. It is more like one's own neighborhood comparatively. A State is a very important Unit in the American form of Government. The matters and affairs coming before a State Legislature should be of great concern to us all. Our Employees are furnished well with Daily papers of the State which will report the doings of the coming session at some length. Let us measure up to our American obligation in Maine this winter while the Legislature is convening.

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The following speech was made by the winner of a prize in a foot race: Gentlemen, I won this cup by the use of my legs: I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

———o———

HULLO!

When you see a man in woe,
Walk straight up and say "Hullo!'
Say, "Hullo!" and How d'ye do?
How's the world been using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz straight up and don't go slow,
Shake his hand and say, "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, ho!
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"
Rags are but a cotton roll
Just for wrapping up a soul;
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty, "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away:
Just the same as you and me,
Lonely ships upon the sea,
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
Let your speaking trumpet blow,
Lift your horn and cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away;
When you travel in the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"—*Sam Walter Foss, in New York Weekly.*

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THE HUMAN TOUCH

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But, Ah! the touch of lips and hands;
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,
These need I most, and now and here!

Richard Burton
in High Tide Poems.

The Relation of Agriculture to Americanization

(Continued from November Number)

Extracts from an address delivered by Dr. Charles D. Woods of Boston, under the Social Service Division of the Great Northern Paper Co. This was given at the Vocational Conference at Portland last April.

Nobody knows exactly how we up here in New England are to help and Americanize that which represented a good Americanization at the time of the war sixty years ago. This is a problem—one of the problems—that we have in agriculture of Americanizing. Out of our last war, we had a secretary of war that should have been called a secretary of peace and most of us thought so during the war, but Mr. Baker had some exceedingly good ideas and one of them was the Americanization of the men that had come into the army that could not read or write. You know what a shock it was to us when we found that over 20% of a random sample of the draft in America was ignorant and could not read or write the English language and a good many of them could not understand the English spoken word. An officer could not command because they could not understand so as to obey. Mr. Baker, at the close of the war, right after the Armistice, believed that we should start in to give these men an education. You remember how we started the schools in France among our boys before they returned home. He was in favor of compulsory military training so as to give an education and to teach Americanization. But that could not come about then—two years ago. Now the Congress fixed the army of the United States at 285,000 and made a liberal appropriation for vocational education in the army, for the appointment of civilian teachers and there came, I do not know how many of you have seen teams of those boys, young men who could not either read or write the English language. After four months of that kind of training an exhibit made in all those teams selected and trained proved that there was getting to be a wonderful vocational education and then, in connection with that, there were the various trades. Now these men came mostly from the cities because this was the army that was now a voluntary army. The commanding general in this army at Camp Devens at Massachusetts had the only infantry that had ever been in New England for a permanent encampment. This army constantly increasing had a vision that appealed to me in a way that nothing has in the past twenty-five years for the betterment of the rural districts of New England and that thought was to get the boy that was on the verge of leaving the farm to drift into the city and making more or less of a shipwreck of his life in the city, giving him military training in the morning and teaching him up-to-date agriculture in the afternoon, and there is no experiment that I would have liked so much to have seen tried for Americanization in relation to agriculture than that. But this same Congress that in the spring of 1920 fixed the army at 285,000 never changed the size of the army, but they reduced the appropriation for an army of 150,000 and consequently the scheme, hardly before it was going, was stopped.

Now, that idea, I think, is good enough to hang on to. We have in our rural sections a more or less dangerous socialism. It is not enough to be real troublesome, I think, but there is nothing that develops Americanism and love for America more than to stand in column and salute the flag five days of the week, and I think that that is a method well enough for us to keep in mind because that is still, in my judgment, practical even with a small army. That instead of recruiting our boys from the riff-raff of the cities—that we get the boys that cannot get a high school education and get them into the army with Mr. Baker's idea, not the army as it is today but with Mr. Baker's idea, and give those men vocational education, not all of them agriculture. The problem that we have in the rural districts where there are only a few men that drift in of the aliens is comparatively a simple one. If they come into a New England community or go into a town here in Maine where there are forty or fifty good farm homes, with American citizenship in it of fairly decent standards, one, two or three families will be assimilated and will come to be American citizens. We tried in this State a couple of generations ago an importation on a large scale that worked out pretty satisfactorily when we brought into New Sweden in Aroostook county men from Sweden and established a colony. That colony prospered and it seems to me that is an object lesson—perhaps the best object lesson we have in the country—of Americanizing a community, but it was a slow process. We do not Americanize the men and women we imported very much. We Americanize their children and today in that colony spreading over into two or three towns in northern Maine, we are getting slowly a mingling of ideas, but I think they have reacted to some extent favorably upon the English stock that has come in there largely drifting across from New Brunswick to Aroostook County.

There is still another problem for Maine to settle, which is being settled to some limited extent, and that is with the French that came into northern Maine into rural communities. You will remember that when Great Britain broke up that little community which gave Longfellow his story about Evangeline and the people from Arcadia moved to New Brunswick, they did not like to stay under the shadow of the British flag. They followed up the St. Johns river and crossed over on the Maine side and we had a French settlement up there of quite a large extent. They were only a little way from Quebec and they moved back and forth and the first time I ever went on a speaking tour in that country, it was necessary to talk with an interpreter because they could not understand my college French. We are slowly perhaps assimilating these peoples, but that, I think, is a problem in rural Americanization that still awaits us here.

We made a great step when 25 years ago we insisted that all the teaching in those schools should be done in the English language and that French should not be used inside the schoolhouse. They have a college up there that we contribute to and that is largely run by the French and the instruction is very largely in French, I presume. I do not know how it is now or whether Dr. Thomas has seen that institution in operation or not, but to the last of my knowledge they had such a high respect for him that whenever he arrived they declared a holiday and so, unless it has been changed a little later, he has not seen that particular college function. There is a chance for Americanization and we can learn much from those French people and we have learned much from them. We have cities in this State that are improved by the fact that the French came in. The second generation are making a mighty fine lot of citizens and they have contributed to this composite of the Americans.

We have other communities and we have some problems in Massachusetts for, while I was born in this State and worked a good many years in this State, I have not now the privilege of working in this State. We have in the Connecticut valley a settlement that dates back 250 years—beautiful, fertile fields in the Connecticut valley, spreading out there into vast meadows, all very easily tilled and beautiful land. But for one reason or another the original settlers have dwindled away and those old homes are passing into the hands of the Poles and these men are developing a great onion industry in that valley, where formerly tobacco was practically the only crop, and they are admirably equipped for growing the onion. They have families of eight and twelve and even more children, and the onion calls for personal attention and these children can give it. It is those people that are impressing upon these Poles the ideas of America. It seems to me that we have a great problem in a community

of that kind and a chance not only for vocational education in agriculture but vocational education in other lines, for what boy or girl that has spent hours weeding onions that has much ambition, would look forward to weeding onions—well for more than forty or fifty years, at any rate.

Then, down towards the Cape in Plymouth county. Have you ever looked at the map of Plymouth County? It is there that the Mayflower landed and it was at Plymouth that we began this Americanization in New England. If you should take a map of Aroostook county and drop it down in Plymouth you would think you had struck the wilderness because it is so covered with woods in comparison with Aroostook that you would not believe there was much of any agriculture there and what is there has faded out and going into the hands of the Portuguese. These have come to us from Portugal—not original Portuguese but from the West India islands—and there is a problem in vocational education and in Americanization.

Now, how to solve those things, I do not know. I was in hopes that I could get some tracts that I could real and tell you how it is done but that problem, if Major Tully is right, is an untackled problem—how to get vocational education and how agriculture shall contribute towards it. I wonder if you gentlemen and ladies have got the sense, have got the God-given wisdom, the grace of self-sacrifice that is involved in carrying on vocational education into these much needed rural communities. It has got to come, I think, through agriculture at the start. The county agent is helpful, the county agents are doing good service even in those two areas I have just spoken of in Massachusetts, but one man with all the Anglo-Saxon problems in those counties cannot do very much towards the civilization and Americanization of these men and these women and the boys and girls growing up. The church has not been able to reach them as at present organized. The grange is a great institution in rural regions where we are talking about a bunch of people that are more or less alike but these people would not come to the grange and the grange would not want them if they would. And that is really the only excuse that I have, as I commenced to think this problem over, after I found there was no literature on the subject—is how, through agriculture or any other means to carry Americanization into these rural communities, not as difficult a problem, not as serious a problem as it is in some of the congested districts in Boston or in this town and I know where they are in this town for I had the carrying out of the first food laws here and I learned some of the devious places of Portland, Lewiston and Bangor in connection with that food work.

And that is our problem. Our problem right here in New England. It is just as much a problem in my judgment as our city problems and perhaps more so because remember that the men and the women—not forgetting the great men and women that have been born within the cities—but the great men and women that in our cities have very largely come from the rural home, from the agricultural district, and if we are going to develop our Americanization to the highest, it cannot be done in my judgment by working within the cities, even though we are narrowing and narrowing down our population until it is largely within city limits, but we will have to still come back in my judgment to these rural homes to look for new strength and vigor of body and mind, and if we are not making agriculture and other things do its duty towards the Americanization and the evolution and the development of a higher type of man and woman in our rural districts, we in the cities are at fault.

KISSIN'

Some say kissin's ae sin,
But I say, not at a';
For it's been in the warld
Ever sin' there were twa.
If it werena lawfu',
Lawyers wadna' 'low it;
If it werena holy,
Meenisters wadna' dae it;
If it werena modest,
Maidens wadna' taste it;
If it werena plenty,
Puir folk coudna' hae it.

—*Scottish Saying.*

ESTABLISHING A CREDIT

I recall an incident from my college days which serves me as a double illustration.

One evening, just as darkness was coming on a gentleman stopped his car before one of the buildings on the campus and went inside. He had hardly disappeared when several students came by. Seeing the waiting car, some one of them suggested taking a ride. Probably the suggestor did not intend his remark to be taken seriously; and probably when they entered and started the car not one of them intended really to drive the car away, but they got under way and kept on going. There is no stopping place for such spirits. They went on and on, faster and faster. A dispute about who should drive and a scuffle for possession of the driver's seat brought the rapidly moving car into collision with a light pole and—well, hours afterwards the owner found his car wrecked and abandoned.

Next morning at chapel, the President talked earnestly to the young men about making good that loss to the owner of the car. Going on, he said that school life is a part of one's whole life—not a detached fragment. He said, what we do here we will do when we have left college and gone out into life. If we lie and cheat here, we shall lie and cheat when we get into business. We are forming habits here and now.

Now there was the time when we thought such escapades on the part of young fellows smart and "just like young fellows." But the idea advanced by this far-seeing man brings us to a hault. His words are now known to be too true; his suggestion of after consequences too grave to be ignored.

Not very long ago a great banker was talking to some young men in a western city on credit. He was telling them some of the things that life and association with men of business have taught him. He told them that credit rests upon confidence, and that the basis of confidence is two-fold. The confidence upon which credit establishes itself is first upon moral dependability. Those established habits of truth and honesty upon which the creditor may rely during the storm and stress periods of business; the second is upon ability, acquired through application and effort, which is able to make good in the use of anothers savings.

Here again is the same truth, uttered in different language, it is true, but the same lesson. It is good to have some one tell us things like that—some one who knows. It is good to begin life in the right way, but if some of life's great meanings have escaped us, it is good to have reminders as we grow older, for it is never too late to improve; we are never too old to learn.

The relations of life are so interwoven that we must needs work together. One of the great demands of this necessary association is confidence in each other, the confidence which corresponds to credit in financial circles. We can build such confidence in ourselves by paying thoughtful heed to the words of the old college president and the banker, and others.

I remember a certain occasion when a scandlous story was circulated concerning a certain business man. His partner steadfastly refused to believe it, saying only, "It isn't like him!" Later, his confidence was justified, and he said, "I knew it wasn't like him!" An established credit like that keeps the world in balance.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

She—"Oh, George! I've just won a hundred-pound prize for the best article on the cruelty of trapping wild animals!"

He—"Good egg! What are you going to do with it?"

She—"Oh, now I can afford a new fur coat!"—*London Mail.*

Charles Ramsdell is clerking Lily Bay Farm, Store House and Grant Farm toting. He is being assisted by Robert Irving.